

His Majesty King GEORGE the Second,
His Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*,
And all the Royal FAMILY.
His Grace the Duke of *Dorset*,
And *Fairfax*, and *Watson*, for ever:

OR,

Down with the Devil, Pope, and Pretender.

A N

Heroic P O E M,

WITH

Explanatory Notes suitable to the present Times.

By a FREEHOLDER of K E N T.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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His Majesty King GEORGE, &c.

A N

Heroic P O E M.



WITH Beat of Drum, and Trumpet's
joyful Sound,
And Colours flying o'er the * happy
Ground.

With Hautboys, Violins, Flutes, Horns, and Bells,
And all the pleasant Tubes where Music dwells,
With Hearts of Love, and loyal Breath of Praise,
Illustrious Men of *Kent*, your Voices raise, 6
And all, your voluntary Offering bring,
Of loud Huzza, long live the gallant King!

* The Inhabitants of this famous County, would not submit to *William the Conqueror*, but on the glorious Condition, of retaining their ancient Rights and Privileges : Hence the old Customs of Gavel-kind, &c. remain in the greatest Part of *Kent* to this Day.

A 2

Reign

Reign *George* the Second, many Years to come,
 In spite of hatching Plots at Hell, and *Rome*. 10
 May each Rebellion sown by Triple-Crown,
 That ever springs, crush vain Pretender down!
 And fix our Sovereign firmer at the Helm,
 To sway the Sceptre in *Brittannia's* Realm.
 To rule in Peace, on this terrestrial Ball, 15
 Till summon'd hence by Heaven's mighty Call,
 To change his earthly State, and Crown of Gold,
 For Place and Treasures of the finest Mould.
 And then may *George*, the Son of *George's* Son,
 Young *George* the Third, ascend the *British* Throne.
 And reign serene in full extended Glor, 21
 Till Papists, Jews, and Heathens be no more.
 But all enlightned by that shining Ray,
 That turns the Anti-christian Night to Day.
 May soon abandon silly Rights and Forms. 25
 And follow Jesus * beating up to Arms.
 Behold the Weapons, glittering in his Word,
 The Breast-plate, Girdle, Helmet, Shield, and
 Sword.

Fly

* Calling upon Men by his Word, and Spirit, and Ministers,
 to embrace true primitive Christianity, which is a spiritual War-
 fare, and in which all who are engaged, are obliged to make
 use of right spiritual Armour, such as the Shield of Faith, &c.



Fly to the Banner of the King of Kings,
 || Mount up to Battle as on Eagle's Wings. 30
 Engage the Strong arm'd Tyrant of the Air,
 Conquer and chain him down a thousand Year.
 And then what Peace, what Love, and sacred Joy;
 May all expect to find with rare Alloy.
 When *Beelzebub* with all his hellish Crews 35
 Shall quit the Trade of making * *Turks* and *Jews*,
 Popes, Deists, Arians, and *Socinian* Tribe,
 Who now such lying Principles imbibe.
 Whilst the deceiving God § below the Skies,
 Sears their foul Consciences, and blinds their Eyes.

If

|| Advance in the Strength of Christ their great Captain,
 with Speed and Fortitude to attack the Devil, who is represented as a strong Man armed, and as the Prince of the Power of the Air, and whose tyrannical and cruel Power over the Inhabitants of the Earth is to be restrained for 1000 Years, which Restraint is metaphorically expressed by an Angel's binding him with a great Chain.

* The Worshippers of *Mahomet*.

§ The Devil who is called the God of this World, and who is said to deceive the whole World. It is this Anti-christian Devil, that blinds the Eyes of all Anti-christian Men; and he is permitted by God to do this to punish them, for their indulged Enmity against the Truth. This is the great and true Reason, why the Devil himself is suffered to impose upon some, and why his grand Instruments *Mahomet*, and the Popes have been suffered to impose upon others. The Pope comes and goes to work just after the same Manner as the Devil himself, viz. by the Force of tyrannical Power, false Signs, and lying Wonders,
 and

If any will confess the cursed *Jew* *, 41
 Doth need Conversion, and the Gentile too ;
 But say that Deists, who with cloudy Plod,
 Deny the Scriptures, and yet own a God,
 Are no Idolaters in Word, or Deed, 45
 Nor rail at Christ, with Rage like *Abraham's* Seed.
 That Pope, and Arians, and *Socinian* Train,
 Do each already bear the Christian Name.

To

and with all Deceivableness of Unrighteousness in them that
 perish ; because they received not the Love of the Truth, that
 they might be saved. And for this Cause (says the inspired A-
 postle) God shall send them strong Delusion, that they should
 believe a Lie. That they all might be damned, who believed
 not the Truth, but had Pleasure in Unrighteousness. 2 *Thess.*
 ii. 9, 10, 11, 12.

* The blind Pagans, and stupid *Mahometans*, and foolish
 Deists, and cursed Jews are all bad enough. But many of the
 Papists, Arians, and *Socinians* are much worse. The former
 are open Enemies to Christ, and we may and ought to be upon
 our guard against them. But the latter are pretended Friends
 to Christ. The Papists put on his Livery, and go and butcher
 his Saints in it. The Arians wear his Badge, and proclaim
 War against his Divinity. The *Socinians* profess to believe in
 him, and deny his Satisfaction. But take away the Deity of
 Christ, with the Atonement he has made, by his Sufferings
 and Death, for the Sins of his People, and let every worthy Free-
 holder of *Kent* then judge what sort of a Saviour we shall have
 left. Let us keep a double Guard against these sly Enemies
 to Christianity. Who have got such fine Liveries on now-a-
 days

To such Harangue 'tis easy to reply,
The Creed of Deists * is a horrid Lie. 50
God made the World say they. By Whom? By
None.

But God himself declares 'twas by his Son,
And Spirit too, for these United Three,
Did sound the Almighty Fiat, let it be.
As to his Holiness the Pope, so called, 55
By those in *Roman* Darknes still enthrall'd,
The Head infallible of Christian Church,
Esteem'd by some, remaining in the Lurch,
To Whom the famed Keys of Hell and Heaven,
Are as to Christ's Vicegerent, freely giv'n. 60
To shut or open, at his own Discretion,
To save Mankind, or doom 'em to Perdition.
Are

days, and make such a fair Shew in the Flesh, that they often creep undiscerned into Christian Churches, and Pulpits, and there impudently publish their dangerous Errors, denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and forming out their shameful Opposition to the glorious Truths of the Divine Gospel.

* The Deists acknowledge a first Cause of all Things; but they deny this first Cause to be the glorious Three in One; tho' so expressly asserted in the sacred Oracles. For it seems the Devil has been so busy with these poor unhappy Men, and deluded them in such a notorious Manner, that they will not allow the great Creator of the Universe, to have any Divine Son, or Spirit, or revealed Word belonging to him.

Are not such Titles superstitious Cant *,
 And deem'd as such by worthy Protestant ;
 Who knows the flagrant Actions of the Pope, 65
 Tho' Holy stil'd, by such as vainly hope.
 To get to Heaven by his Absolution,
 Tho' every Vice reigns in their Constitution.
 And take full Liberty to sin afresh,
 As soon as gain'd by heaping up his Cash. 70
 And so go head-long to Destruction,
 In hopes of glorious Resurrection.

As to the Pope's Infallibility,
 Of which some talk with great Austerity,
 Those who assert it with most awful Tone, 75
 May all be pleas'd to recollect Pope *Joan*.
 In whose Infallibility believ'd,
 The Papists were infallibly deceived.

And

* If the Pope had been stiled the Devil's Lieutenant, there would have been no just Foundation for any Complaints against his Title. For it is certain there is a great Resemblance between these two Princes of Darknes. And the Means the Pope uses to support his Interest ; such as Lies, Murders, &c. &c. &c. plainly shew his Commission to come from the Devil, who is the Father of Lies, and a Murderer from the Beginning.

But to call the Pope Christ's Vicegerent, or Vicar-general, when his Ways of proceeding are so directly opposite to the Commands of Christ, is some of the most abominable Cant that ever Superstition invented.

And was there ever Error parallel,
 To that of Head-unerring, in Female? 80
 Since 'twas our antient common Mother *Eve*,
 The Devil found so easy to deceive,
 And she being Agent in the first Transgression,
 Soon taught her Husband the most fatal Lesson.
 And ever since, both Male and Female-kind, 85
 Enter the Stage of Life with erring Mind.
 And *Adam's* Seed, are now of such a Make,
 That they are all here subject to the Mistake.

As to the Power of the noted Keys,
 With which the Pope pretends, with so much
 Ease; 90
 To open Heaven for his wealthy Flock,
 Who come with Gold in Hand, and gently knock,
 Or free the Soul from Purgatory's Fire,
 If the deceas'd has legatee'd the Fryer.

If any here inquire what Fire is this? 95
 To answer right, it may not be amiss,
 To say a Fire of Catholic Invention,
 That never Flames but in Imagination.
 But such a Fire as Priests abhor reviling,
 Because it serves to keep their Pots boiling. 100

B

On

On this Account, if it should once go out,
 It may be followed with a doleful Shout.
 This is the Power his Holiness does Claim,
 And to a carnal End directs his Aim,
 A Power that's owned by old Dame Supersti-
 tion, 105
 Denied by others, and treated with Derision.
 And therefore to define his real Power,
 That's put in Execution every Hour :
 A Power he has to shut Men out from Bliss,
 And sink 'em down into the dark Abyfs. 110
 By locking up, the Gospel Revelation,
 Which shews the only Way to their Salvation,
 Hence Christ's Vicegerent he can never be,
 For Pope, and Jesus, ever disagree.
 The latter interceeds for saving Light, 115
 The former aims to bull it out of Sight.
 Christ sends his Spirit to convince of Sin ;
 The Pope indulges Multitudes therein.
 Love your Enemies, says Christ, and do them
 good ;
 The Pope says hate them, shed the heretic *
 Blood.

Thus

* At *Rome* in the Grand Hall of the Pope's Palace, called
 the Vatican, where his Holiness gives Audience to Embassa-
 dors, there are, says Mr. *Gregory*, in his Manual of Modern
 Geography,

Thus they oppose each other in Commands,
 What Christ forbids, his Holiness demands.
 So on the other hand, what Christ ordains,
 The Pope to disannul takes haughty Pains.
 Hence of all Titles, he has e'er possess'd, 125
 The Name of Antichrist does suit him best,

Geography, p. 113, many Pictures representing, and approving of the Massacre of Protestants,

And in the last Rebellion in *Scotland*, the Pretenders Son's Confessor, when he had cut a Turf, presented it to him, and in the Pope's Name constituted *James* King, and *Charles* Regent of *Great-Britain*, on Condition that he would utterly extirpate the Persons of Heretics, saying, " In the Name of the
 " most holy and infallible Pope, I present thee this as Regent
 " for thy Father, and do hereby, by Virtue of the full Powers
 " to me delegated, invest the most puissant *James* III, with the
 " Possession and Rule of the Kingdom of *Great-Britain* ;
 " which he is to hold at the Will and Pleasure of the Holy
 " See. Dost thou therefore in his Name accept the Govern-
 " ment of these Realms, on the Condition of fighting the
 " Cause of our holy Mother the Church, to the utter Extir-
 " pation of the Persons of Heretics ; and wilt thou persevere
 " manfully in the same, till the Blood of Heretics shall be
 " washed away from the Face of the Earth ?"

The young Pretender on his Knees (says the Author of the Rebellion in *Scotland*, p. 5.) received the Turf from the Hand of his Confessor, and faithfully promised in his Father's Name to fulfil all that had been enjoined him.

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The drunken * Man of Sin, that's now reveal'd,
 Who with the Blood of Saints has often reel'd,
 And yet not fell expiring to the Ground,
 But in the Time appointed will be down. 130
 And may that blessed Season hasten on,
 When Christ this staggering † Sot will quite de-
 throne.

And

* In St. *John's* Vision of the modern Whore of *Babylon*, (that is the Pope of *Rome*, who is called by St. *Paul* the Man of Sin) she was represented as drunken with the Blood of the Saints. Which is to be understood in a spiritual Sense. The Popes have been instrumental in shedding so much holy Blood, that they have been given up by God in a Way of just and righteous Judgment, to a stupified Mind and hardened Heart. So that in many respects, they act like Persons whose Brains are intoxicated with strong Liquor. And this might be one great Cause of the late Rebellion.

For can it be reasonably supposed, that the Pope if he had not been fuddled, would ever have encouraged a raw, unexperienced Youth, to take a Voyage to *Great-Britain*, and there attempt to dethrone one of the best, most gallant, most merciful, and most respected Princes in *Europe*. And one who had been the signal Care of Divine Providence, for such a Number of Years. This vain Expedition was certainly the Effect of a drunken Fit.

† The Popes have been upon the Stagger for some Years, And if it be rightly considered, what an immense Quantity of Blood they have been drinking, this will appear to be no great Wonder. It has been affirmed, that the Papists have massacred

And by his Spirit come, with Ray so bright,
As to demolish Popery with its Light.
Then shall we see the glorious Time begin, 135
When lying Wonders cease to build up Sin;

When

cred Eight Hundred Thousand Persons, in the Space of Thirty Years; and this Assertion is not without great Probability.

For consider what prodigious Numbers of the poor *Americans* fell a Sacrifice to their Cruelties in *Peru* and *Mexico*: And what a dreadful Havock they have made in *Europe*, amongst Christian Protestants, particularly in *Bohemia*, *Silesia*, the *Netherlands*, *France*, *Piedmont*, &c. Besides the great Numbers they butchered in *Ireland*; where, according to Sir *John Temple*, there were no less than Three Hundred Thousand Protestants, inhumanly massacred by the bloody Rebels.

Now add all this Blood together, and what a surprising Quantity must the Sum Total amount to. And yet the sottish Pope and Papists don't think they have had enough. For 'tis with these Blood-fots as it is with Beer-fots, and Wine-fots, and Gin-fots. They are never satisfied, but the more Liquor they have had, the more they want.

If any should ask what Blood has the present Pope been drinking? It may be answered, that he has been tippling Colonel *Gardiner's* Blood, and all the holy Protestant Blood, that was spilt in the late unnatural Rebellion, against his Most Sacred Majesty King *George* the Second, which was begun, and carried on by his Instigation and Encouragement; and that he has been reeling ever since, to such a Degree, that 'tis a very great Wonder, he is not down.

When all will swift embrace pure Gospel Truth,
 And none revere *Polonia's* * rotten Tooth.
 When Grace and Holiness shall fill the Heart,
 And Streams of Virtue, to the Life impart. 140
 When to the Spirit, Men of *Rome* will fow,
 And none shall croud to kiss a *Fox's* † Toe.
 When to King Jesus, all will Homage pay,
 And not a Soul to Virgin *Mary* pray.
 When all will ask the Author of Salvation, 145
 And not the Saints to make right Intercession.
 When all will shew their Faith by worthy Deeds,
 And not by counting o'er some childish Beads.

As

* It is well known what a superstitious Regard the Papists pay to Relics in general, and to St. *Polonia's* Tooth in particular, which is had in such great Veneration, that there is not one Church nor Convent without it. So that 'tis believed if all the Teeth of this Saint were gathered together, they would make half a Million. *Vid. Gaven's Master-Key to Popery.* Vol. I. p. 258.

† Though in some respects the Popes by Reason of their spiritual Drunkenness, have been as stupid as so many Asses; yet in others, they have been as cunning as Foxes. And they may be justly compared to these Animals, not only for their Subtilty in persecuting the Protestants, but also for their great Craftiness in maintaining their Authority over the Papists. For must not they have been cunning old Foxes indeed, who have kept so many Geese in such great Awe for so many Years, and that too, when they have had such fair Opportunities offered them, for taking their Flight.

As to those Mortals, bearing Christian Name,
 Who yet the Saviour's God-head loud disclaim.
 Whatever Love to Truth such may profess, 151
 Their dangerous State the Orthodox may guess.
 Since *Paul* desires the wicked Man, who durst
 Preach other than true Gospel, may be curst.
 What then is true Gospel? That can be none, 155
 Which flat denys the God-head of the Son.
 For to the Son, the Father there declares,
 " Thy Throne Oh! God's for everlasting Years.
 " Of old the Earth's Foundation thou hast laid,
 " The Heavens also by thine Hands were made."
 Why then such Rage at *Athanasian* Creed? 161
 If Christ be God, of very God indeed.
 Why must this Form of sound Words be con-
 demn'd,
 Which our good Fathers did so much commend?
 Why must it fly the Church of *English* Nation,
 Esteem'd the Bulwark of the Reformation? 166
 Why swarming Arians, must it not be read,
 To all, by those to Holy Orders bred?
 Because you'll say 'tis full of Mystery,
 Which cannot be discern'd with human Eye, 170
 Three Divine Persons, in one highest Lord,
 Is Doctrine too sublime for our Accord.

We

We cannot see it, neither will believe,
Unless good Reason for it you can give.
What is good Reason? Is not God's own Word,
Which of the Trinity does bear record.
Declaring Father, Son, and Spirit One,
Is not this Word sufficient Proof alone?
What other Reason have you to believe,
That God to all Things did a Being give : 180
And out of nothing, brought this earthly Ball,
Which does on nothing hang with Weight of all.
Who here reside, Men, Beasts, and every Thing,
Which is on Land, in Sea, or does the Air wing?
Can you conceive, or did you ever know, 185
How something cou'd from nothing ever flow?
Give you the Matter, you can new Form make,
And tell us how 'tis done, for Reason's sake.
But if you've nothing for to work upon,
You can make nothing. How then was this
done? 190
By the Creator of the Universe,
Who out of nothing, all Things made at first.
You must acknowledge you cannot conceive *,
Give me the Reason then, why you believe.

If

* The great Myſteries of the Creation of all Things out of nothing by a ſingle word of Divine Command, and of the Redemption

If you alledge that Matter could not be, 195
 Existent ever from Eternity ;
 And therefore must in time from nothing rise,
 At his Command, who's infinitely wise.
 How came this Truth to enter finite Mind ?
 Since Matter was before the human Kind, 200
 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, Sun, Moon, and Stars
 of Light,
 Fish, Fowl, and Beasts, Herbs, Trees, with Seed
 of Life,
 Were all to being said, before the Man,
 First Lord-Lieutenant over Sea and Land.
 This must be owing to that sacred Word, 205
 Which loud proclaims the all-creating Lord.
 And does it not as loud this Mystery ring,
 Three Divine Persons from the God-head spring.

As to the *Socinian* Professors,
 Who like other Men are born Transgressors, 210
 And yet deny the Sin original,
 Which both condemns 'em, and deforms 'em all.

demption of Sinners by the Blood-Royal of a crucified King,
 are as much above the Comprehension of Mens Reason, as
 the Divine Mystery of the Holy Trinity. And I defy all the
 Arians in *Great-Britain, France, and Ireland*, with all their ima-
 ginary fine Sense to prove the contrary.

C

Who

Who scorn the Doctrine, tho' reveal'd so plain,
 That they must all be surely born again,
 Or they can never see that glorious Throne, 215
 In Heaven above possess'd by God alone.
 Who will allow the Saviour Jesus died,
 And yet deny Christ ever satisfied
 For Sin, but only yielded up the Ghost,
 As Martyrs do to please the Lord of Host; 220
 By sealing Truths Divine with loyal Blood,
 And setting Patterns to be wise and good.
 These may be called blind Leaders of the Blind,
 Who spread such Errors of destructive kind.
 For were not many found at Sins beginning, 225
 In one Man's Disobedience sinning.
 And were they not for *Adam's* first Offence,
 All judg'd of God, and all condemn'd at once.
 And as this Crime did all of Life deprive,
 So shall not all in Christ be made alive? 250
 Who shed his Blood a Sacrifice for Sin,
 That all might be restored to Life again.
 By putting on his Robe of Righteousness,
 The Royal, current, justifying Dress*.

And

* Justification by the Merits of Christ, received by Faith,
 and Regeneration by the Holy Ghost, are two grand and im-
 portant

And by the washing of Regeneration, 235
 The only way to saving Reformation.
 What Love and Praise then do Believers owe,
 To their Redeemer, crucified below.
 Once dead and buried in the Grave for Sin,
 But now alive and risen thence again. 240
 Ascended up into the highest Heaven,
 Where to him now the regal Power is giv'n.
 Power over Angels and the Saints above,
 And those below, who Christ unseen do love.
 Power over all Things, for the Church's good, 245
 O'er Devils, Popes, and all the vip'rous Brood;
 O'er all the spiteful unbelieving Crews,
 Of Pagans blind, *Mahometans* and *Jews*.
 And reign he must, and will, till all his Foes,
 Are made a Foot-stool for him as he goes, 250
 In Triumph over all the Powers of Hell,
 And wicked States on Earth, whom Pride does
 swell.

portant Articles of our holy Religion. And the *Socinians* in denying
 them strike at the very Fundamentals of Christianity. Since
 without Faith in Christ, whatever we do or suffer, we can
 never please God here, nor enjoy him hereafter; and except
 we are born again, we can never enter into his Divine King-
 dom.

And till his Friends, the Faithful unto Death,
 Who fight his Battles with their dying Breath,
 Are all made Victors o'er the yielding Grave, 255
 Rais'd up in Glory, and completely sav'd.
 And is not this enough, Yeomen, at length,
 To make us all resolve with utmost Strength,
 To help the Friends of God, and chase his Foes,
 Now *Zion's* King the Gospel Trumpet blows, 260
 And sounds aloud to Arms, since Victory's sure,
 To all who war till the expiring Hour.
 For Death itself that dreadful Enemy,
 Shall be devour'd at last in Victory.
 Come then ye pious *Kentish* Gentlemen, 265
 Clergy, Freeholders, in City, Town, and Den,
 Come let's unite our Heads, and Hearts, and
 Hands,
 To keep in Awe, the *Belial*, wretched Bands.
 And on their wicked Actions lay Restraint,
 That we may stop the just and loud Complaint
 Of Sabbath's Profanation in the Field, 271
 Against the Law of God express reveal'd.
 Of Malice, Hatred, Emulation, Strife,
 Envy, Sedition, and the Pride of Life.
 Wrath, Heresies, and base Idolatry, 275
 Variance, with fiery Bigotry.

Back-

Backbiting, whispering, coveting, Deceit,
 And Infidelity among the Great.
 Of horrid Oaths, and Lies and Drunkenness,
 Rioting, Chambering, and Wantonness, 280
 Theft, Fornication, and Adultery,
 Murders, and crying Sin of Sodomy;
 And other hainous Crimes, to name no more,
 Which have so often reign'd among the Poor.
 And which a Man may say without dissembling,
 Have lately set the *British*-Isle a trembling; 286
 And which if they should cause another Shake,
 May dreadful Havock and Destruction make.
 May throw the Houses, and the Temples down,
 And bury thousands in some impious Town. 290
 But let us aim to stop th' impending Stroke,
 And not a Moment longer dare provoke,
 The God of Mercy to his strangest Work,
 Of Judgment dire, against the State and Kirk.
 Let us forsake those sinful Thoughts and Ways,
 That kindle up the Fire of Wrath to blaze. 296
 And wound the Head of ev'ry stubborn Foe,
 That in the Path of Sin resolves to go.
 Let's supplicate the kind long-suffering God,
 Who has so often o'er us shook his Rod. 300
 But

But still defers the desolating Blow,
 Which wou'd the strongest Nation overthrow.
 That we might think, repent, believe, and turn,
 To him that calls before his Anger burn.
 Let all then who approve the noble Theme, 305
 Of Reformation found, now lay the Scheme.
 Where to begin and end the wanted Thing,
 And all with Zeal cry out, *God save the King!*
 May George's Royal Heart be deck'd with Grace,
 May this adorn his Royal *English* Race. 310
 May every Soul in his heroic Line,
 In holy War most gloriously shine!
 Then may the Lords in Parliament assemble,
 And each the Royal Family resemble.
 In loyal Duty to the Trinity! 315
 In Works of Faith, in Hope, and Charity!
 And that the House of Commons may be fill'd,
 With Patriots in Virtue rightly skill'd.
 Let's give our Vote for such as fear the Lord,
 Honour the King, and with the Church accord.
 In fundamental Articles of Faith, 321
 And holy Ways, which sacred Writer faith,
 Are Ways of Pleasantness, and Paths of Peace,
 Which lead direct to everlasting Bliss.

Thus

Thus let us strive to get the Fountain pure, 325
 Which may the Goodness of the Streams assure.
 May spread a Reformation through the Land,
 And make the Saints, for Number like the Sand.
 If God should send his mighty Spirit down,
 To bless the num'rous Tribes on *British* Ground,
 Now then to signify to all, for whom 331
 Their Votes desired, that we may ever doom,
 The Devil, Pope, Pretender, and their Friends,
 To deep Despair of gaining *Kentish* Dens*.
 And rivet fast the planted Stem and Flowers, 335
 To reign for Ages over us and ours.
Fairfax and *Watson* † are the Gentlemen,
 Firmly attach'd to *George* our Sovereign,
 Who

* Parishes, the Names of many of which in this County,
 end in the Syllable Den, as *Marden*, *Smarden*, &c.

† The persecuting Spirit of Popery still continues to be so
 violent, that it is to be hoped the worthy Freeholders of this
 County, laying aside their little Differences, will heartily unite
 as Fellow Protestants, against their common Enemy, and vote
 for such Gentlemen, as never gave them the least Reason to
 think, that they were in any respect Favourers of the Church
 of *Rome*. And if we should have the Honour and Happiness,
 of choosing Messieurs *Fairfax* and *Watson* for our Representa-
 tives in Parliament, I dare engage, both these worthy Gentle-
 men will endeavour to take good Care, that there shall be no
 Slaughter-Houses, nor Shambles, erected in this Part of the
 World, for the old *Roman* Catholic Butcher to exercise his
 favourite Business in.

Who has so long reign'd over us by Law,
 That finer * Times we *Britons* never saw, 340
 For civil and religious Liberty,
 And full Enjoyment of our Property.
 (And if we'd well improv'd all God has given,
 No Nation had excell'd us under Heaven.)
 These Gentlemen have likewise both profess'd 345
 A firm Adherence to the Interest
 Of Protestants, and Right of their Succession,
 To *Britain's* Crown through every Generation.
 These Candidates are likewise both approv'd,
 By *Dorset's* noble Duke, who lately shew'd, 350
 His Love of *Kent*, by saving many Lives,
 From Smugglers murdering Guns, and butchering
 Knives.

Stand forth ye Men of *Goudhurst* † and proclaim,
 The Goodness of this Patriot, whose Name
 Ought ever to be dear to you and yours, 355
 As long as e'er the present World endures.
 Tell how in Seventeen Hundred Forty Seven,
 A swaggering Rabble, came vowing in the Leven,
 Of

* *Vid.* the Rev. Mr. *Denn's* Loyal Sermon, preached before
 the Mayor and Jurats of *Maidstone* in *Kent*.

† A little Market Town in the Wild of *Kent*.

Of cruel Malice to your tender Flesh,
 To cut you all to Pieces Gash by Gash. 360
 Or in a Moment shatter out your Brains,
 With Leaden Balls, dispatch'd by smutty Grains,
 Inflam'd by Sparks, at Sound of Flint and Steel,
 Begetting Flash of thundering Fire to kill.
 Say how these Rioters soon turn'd their Back, 365
 And in Disorder fled, with Minds on Rack,
 Of torturing Thoughts, at the expiring Breath,
 Of two Ringleaders who were shot to Death.
 By Friends in Garrison, at *Star* * and *Crown*,
 Who charg'd and fir'd, like Men of old Re-
 nown. 370
 Like brave Defenders of their Country's Cause,
 Against a desperate Pair of rash Outlaws.
 Tell how you fear'd when these were batter'd
 down,
 A larger Gang would soon attack the Town,
 And full revenge the reeking favourite Blood, 375
 With Outrages abounding like a Flood.
 And how you sent a Yeoman † to relate,
 The real Danger of your fearful State.

* A Public House in the Town, where a small Number of young Men, after they had armed themselves, resorted.

† Mr. *John Olive*, one of the most considerable Persons in the Parish.

To *Lionel* that noble Personage,
 Who seasonable Help did them engage. 380
 Tell how his Grace in Love to Men of *Kent*,
 Soon gain'd his Royal Sovereign's Consent,
 To transmit Band of military Aid :
 That Horrors boist'rous Storm, might soon be
 laid.

Say how Dragoons on sudden march'd along, 385
 With *Cornet* * at their Head, amidst a Throng
 Of glad Spectators, who were highly pleas'd,
 To find themselves from racking Fears releas'd.
 Tell how from hence the Smugglers lurk'd
 about,

Like Rebels in dismay by total Rout, 390
 And how from hence a most delightful Joy,
 O'erspread the Youth those Wretches would de-
 stroy.

Say how the num'rous Parishes around,
 Rejoic'd in Confort with the happy Town :
 At flight of those vile barb'rous Enemies,
 Whose tender Mercies were but Cruelties.

This

* *Cornet John Gibson*, of General *Hawley's* Regiment of Dragoons, whose Faithfulness to the King, and Service to the Country, on this Occasion deserve public Notice.

This was the Work of Him that rules the Skies,
 And wonderous it is in pious Eyes,
 And wings Devotion to that pleading God,
 Whose Intercession broke the Wicked's Rod. 400
 'Twas owing to this great Almighty King,
 That ever you had any Cause to sing,
 Of Conquest gain'd o'er savage Men of Bloods,
 Expert in Whips, and Knives, Fire-arms, and
 Clubs.

To him then reigning in the Court of Heav'n,
 Be the chief Glory of this Action giv'n. 406

And may the Means of your Deliverance,
 Be treated with Respect and Reverence.

Let ev'ry Heart be fill'd with Loyalty,
 To *George* the Second's earthly Majesty. 410

Whose truly kind and gracious Protection,
 Was instrumental in your late Salvation.

Then may the noble Duke, your Friend in Need,
 Be honour'd by you, as a Friend indeed.

And as his Help, his Love to you commends, 415
 Shew yours to him, by voting for his Friends,

And may the Streams of all your future Acts,
 Flow from no Spring, but What's on Fair Facts,

This

This is the Way to keep his Grace's Favour,
 Then *Fairfax* cry, and *Watson* * too for ever. 420
 And may the Towns, and Cities all around,
 Receive, and echo back the joyful Sound.

* May both these honourable Gentlemen be Members of
 a *British* Parliament, as long as ever they continue to reside in
 the present State: And when they depart hence, may they
 both be admitted into a much more grand and magnificent
 Assembly; and be made perfectly happy, in the immediate
 Presence, and full Enjoyment of God for ever. *Amen.*



F I N I S.



